**project-plan-d**

printer, there was the first question. But was there still a free Press? The brave old ex-chief of the 6th Legion, Colonel Forestier, came in. He took Michel de Bourges and myself aside. "Listen," said he to us. "| come to you. | have been dismissed. | no longer command my legion, but appoint me in the name of the Left, Colonel of the 6th. Sign me an order and | will go at once and call them to arms. In an hour the regiment will be on foot." "Colonel," answered |, "1 will do more than sign an order, | will accompany you." And | turned towards Charamaule, who had a carriage in waiting. "Come with us," said |. Forestier was sure of two majors of the 6th. We decided to drive to them at once, while Michel and the other Representatives should await us at Bonvalet's, in the Boulevard du Temple, near the Café Turc. There they could consult together. We started. We traversed Paris, where people were already beginning to swarm in a threatening manner. The boulevards were thronged with an uneasy crowd. People walked to and fro, passers-by accosted each other without any previous acquaintance, a noteworthy sign of public anxiety; and groups talked in loud